

Poetry.

JESUS WAS NOT YET COME TO THEM.

BY WILLIAM WHITE,
John v. 17.

The barley loaves and fishes fed
The hungry multitude,
Who by this miracle were led
To plans that Christ eschewed.

The Master fain withdrew from them
In solitude apart;
No earthly crown or diadem
Must crown hands made of clay.

His faithful ones by the sea-side
Did for the Saviour wait;
They took to ship at eventide
With hearts disconsolate.

The weary rovers toiled in vain
Over the boisterous sea;
For adverse winds blew from the land
That night on Galilee.

The skies were dark, the storms were high,
And Jesus had not come;
Lo, on the waves a form draws nigh,
And they are fearful—dumb.

But Jesus said: "Be not afraid;
Behold me; it is I;"
And while he did their fears disperse
Straightway the land was nigh.

And so it is when Jesus comes,
Life's troubled sea subsides;
To Jesus' voice our fear succumbs,
Our bark in safety rides.

—Selected.

The Fireside.

THE BOOK TOMMY TUCKER HID.

As I went down to the meadow this morning,
Whom should I see but Tommy Tucker hid
In a cozy heap of Farmer Brown's new hay.
He was reading out of a book with yellow paper covers,
but when I came near he gave a little start, closed
the book, and slipped it out of sight. Tommy and I
are quite good friends, so I knew when he put
the book away so quickly that it was something
that he was a little ashamed of.

"A bright day to you, Tommy Tucker," I said.
"Don't let me stop your reading. Indeed, if
your book is so interesting as it seemed to be a
minute ago, and if you don't object, I wish you
would read aloud."

Tommy's face flushed crimson.

"I-I don't think you would care for the story,
Mr. Barleton; and I'd-I'd rather talk."

Now this was so unlike the straightforward
Tommy Tucker, who tells me all his little secrets,
that I said right out:

"Surely Tommy Tucker doesn't read books that
he is ashamed to let his friends see."

The blush which had begun to die off of Tommy
Tucker's face came back with a deeper glow.

"I don't know that it's very wrong," he said.
"It's only a book about a boy who went off to kill
Indians, and who fought six highwaymen single
handed and beat them all, and rescued a lot of
soldiers who had been captured, and had a great
many other wonderful adventures. 'I'll show you
the book,' continued Tommy."

"No don't," I said. "I don't want to read any
book you think bad enough to hide from me."

Tommy looked hurt, but did not say anything, so
I went on:

"You see, Tommy, I am just taking your own
judgment on the book. It isn't very wrong, you
say; and yet it is so wrong that you would rather
hide it than let me see it. Now you would like to go home
and read it to your little brothers. If it isn't a
wicked book, it is a foolish book. Who ever heard
of a boy who did the wonderful things that your heroes
do in the story every day? It isn't likely that
you'll ever be called upon to fight a band of high-
waymen, and it isn't likely that you'll whip them
single-handed if you have to fight them."

Tommy was still silent.

"May I ask you a question, Tommy? Does the
reading of that book make you study your lessons
better, or make you more content at home, or fit
you better for the every-day work you have to do?
Or does it take you away from your lessons, make
you discontented with your home, make you want
to do impossible things, instead of the plain things
God gives you to do?"

"You are right, Mr. Barleton," said Tommy,
forgetting that I had only asked some questions,
and that he was really answering the accusation of
his own conscience. "You are right. It is a foolish
book; and if it wasn't wicked, it is making me
wicked. It is making me careless in every-
thing. Mother doesn't know why my school aver-
ages were lower last week, and why I forgot some
errands I had to do. She didn't know about the
book. I didn't want her to know. I'll never
read a book again that I don't want her to know of."

He took the yellow book from his pocket and tore
it to pieces.

"Tommy Tucker," I said, "you will never go far
wrong if you don't hide anything from your mother."
—S. S. Times.

HOW JAMIE HATED ORDER.

When Jamie came rushing in from play to supper,
his mother was obliged to speak to him about
hanging up his hat; and when his hunger was
satisfied, and he started from the table, she said:
"Jamie, do not leave your napkin like that!
Fold it, and put it in the ring! Has my boy no
sense of order?"

"No mamma," cried Jamie, rushing back to do
as his mother told him. "I hate order! It's al-
ways hindering and interfering."

"Some people might say it was disorder that is
always hindering and interfering. For instance,
you had folded your napkin at the proper time, you
would not have had to come back to do it," said
Mrs. Wright. She added, "I guess you know order
as well as any of us if the truth were known."

"No mamma, I am sorry, but I positively hate
order. What I love is to fly my kite, or to make
a boat and sail it on the pond; and when it is
dark I love to come in and see you, and eat sup-
per of blackberries and milk and doughnuts. But
I just despise to be always folding up or hanging
up something!"

"Still," said Mrs. Wright, "I think there are
some kinds of order which you like."

"I am afraid not, mamma; not one."

"When you have played out of doors until the
last minute, and you get into the house just as
the clock strikes one, then do you mind your dinner
being in order?"

Jamie smiled, and looked a little sober.

"Yesterday, when Uncle Charles came to take
you to ride with him, if you could be ready in five
minutes—Uncle Charles, who is so elegant—then
were you sorry to find clean collar, necktie, hand-
kerchief, gloves, hat, all ready to lay your hand on
them?"

"Mamma!"

"Would you like to find yourself at school with
holes in your jacket? To find a bed made up
on stairs at night, tired, to find a bed made up
comfortably?"

"Mamma, what do you mean?"

"That it is not order which you hate, but the
trouble necessary to gain it. Ah, my boy! No
one of us likes that, but ought not each of us to
take a part of it? Or should papa or mamma and
Bridget do all the tedious picking up and 'fixing
up,' while Jamie only enjoys it?"

Jamie put two arms around his mother's neck.

"Mamma, you are great for explaining things,
aren't you?" —Boston Beacon.

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SOLUTIONS TO "THE MYSTERY" RESPECTFULLY
SOLICITED.

POETRY AND STORY.

A MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL
OUR YOUNG FOLKS, AND TO ALL THE
READERS OF THE INTELLIGENCER.

A CHRISTMAS LETTER.

Dear Auntie, I am going to write
a few lines, just to say
I'm dreadful sorry I can't send
a gift to you to-day.

I'd planned it nicely, long ago,
Just what I'd give to you;
But when things will go contrary,
What can a creature do?

There's something got into my head,
And they just wouldn't lay,
And one of them got very sick,
And died, the other day.

And then I went and lost my purse,
With every cent I had;
I thought I couldn't get over it,
It made me feel so bad.

I thought of something after that
That I would be nice to make;
But then I went and burnt my hand
In learning how to bake.

I knew then 'twasn't any use,
And gave it up that night;
I cried as hard as I could cry,
But that didn't help a mite.

My hand has been too bad to do
A stitch of work since then,
And I couldn't write until to-day,
Or even hold a pen.

And so I've nothing but my love
To send you, Auntie dear;
And you'll not think that only that
Amounts to much, I fear.

But Mother says my love would be
More precious far to her
Than forty hundred Christmas gifts,
However fine they were.

She says there is no other gift
Better than the love of God,
Because love brought the Saviour down
To us from Heaven above.

So, Auntie, please accept my love—
'Tis more than I can tell;
I wish you Merry Christmas, too,
Your loving niece, Estelle.

SAM—A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Late in the afternoon, the day before Christmas,
Katie Burns, sitting in a low chair by the basement
window, raising her eyes from the wax doll she was
dressing for her Cousin Maud, beheld an oddish face
pressed against the window-pane. Katie opened the
window.

"Who—what are you?" she asked in surprise;
for the little creature looked like something un-
earthly, with its straggling black hair, its brown
skin, and dark, wild, hungry-looking eyes. On its
left arm hung a battered tin pail, and in its right
hand it carried a box of matches.

"I'm Sam," replied the queer little stranger in a
wonderfully sweet voice, "and I was a-looking
at that baby you was a-babbling. Ain't it pretty?
Want to buy any matches?"

Katie shut the window, and opened the door.
"Come in," she said.

The half-frozen mite hesitated; but Katie, with
a smile, pointed to the bright fire in the dining-
room. That proved a temptation, indeed! In a
moment the wail was down on its knees on the
hearth-rug, and its tiny thin hands stretched out
toward the glowing coals. Katie went to the store-
room, cut a piece from a mince pie, and gave it to
the wee match-seller.

"Eat that," she said, "and then tell me all
about yourself."

Sam ate "that," looking alternately at the fire
and the "pretty" doll. But the last crumb dis-
appeared, and the story was not begun.

"Where do you live?" said Katie.

"Most o' the time in a big barn wot stan's on
its side in front o' the larger beer saloon."

"Where else do you live?"

"In a cellar 'long a Mom' Penants. She's good,
she is; she set me up in business this mornin', she
did; and I'm to have half the money, I am—Want
ter buy any matches?"

"Have you any parents?" asked Katie.

"Wot them?" said Sam.

"Any father and mother, I mean."

"Oh, daddy and mammy? They's dead. Daddy
was a I-talony, he was, and he played on a organ.
I was four; now I am seven. Mammy died last
Christmas, she did. She was no I-talony; she used
to kiss me, and I had bread an' milk ev'ry day, I
had."

"Tell me more about your mother," said Katie.

The child's dark eyes lit up, until they were
positively beautiful. "She looked like you, she
did; blue eyes like yours, an' shiny hair like yours,
too. 'An' Sam, you mustn't steal; 'an' Sam, you
mustn't tell lies; 'an' Sam, you must say please
and thank you before you go to sleep, please, dear
God, take care of poor orphan Sam; that's wot she
said. Just then Katie heard Uncle John's step in the
hall.

"O, Uncle John, come here, please."

"Bless my heart, Katie," said he, "what have
you brought in now?"

"A poor little thing who has no father nor mother,
and no home but a barrel or a cellar."

"Want ter buy any matches?" said Sam, and the
big black eyes were solemnly fixed on Uncle John's
face.

Uncle John burst out laughing. "How do you
sell 'em?"

"I ain't no bnb," said Sam, gravely. "I'm a sis," and moved toward the door.

"Come back, don't go," cried Katie. "Didn't
you say your name was Sam?"

"Sam's my short name. My long un's Samuella,
so there now."

"Who gave you that funny name?" asked Katie.

"It ain't a funny name, it ain't," said the small
girl, indignantly. "My mammy giv' me that
name, she did. She had a white finger, with wings,
a prayin', an' its name was Samuel, an' she liked
it. It's broken now, so my name's Samuella, an'
they calls me Sam. Want ter buy any matches?"

"Yes, all of them," interrupted Uncle John.

"How many are there?"

"They's twelve three cents' worth, an' two boxes
for three cents, and cheap, I tell you," answered
Sam.

"Have you any change?" asked Uncle John.

"Nine cents," said Sam, "an' that's all it is."

"Well, here's a dollar bill; bring me the change
to-morrow; and now go home, for it is getting quite
dark."

Sam took the money, opened the tin pail, and
counted out the boxes of matches with a gravity
wonderful to see. Katie put an apple tart in the
dirty little hand.

"Why not bread and butter," asked Uncle John
with a twinkle in his eyes.

"O, everybody gives bread and butter," said
Katie. "If I were a beggar—"

"I ain't no beggar," interrupted Sam.

"I beg your pardon," said Katie. "If I were in
the match business I would like apple tarts and
mince pie once in a while for a change, I'm sure."

Sam took up her empty pail. "Good-bye, I'll
fetch the change to-morrow mornin'," she said, and
away she went.

"But he—I mean she—never comes back," said
Uncle John, as he heard the area gate close.

"O, Uncle," said Katie, earnestly, "if you had
heard her talk about her poor dead mother, who

told her never to lie, never to steal, and to pray
every night, you wouldn't say so."

"Well, well," said Uncle John, "if she does
come, we will give her something nice for her
Christmas."

Christmas day beamed bright and clear, and the
morning hours hastened on to noon, and the after-
noon hours to evening, but no Samuella.

"Let's forget it to-day because it's Merry Christ-
mas," said Kate to Uncle John, who was almost as
disappointed as she was herself. "To-morrow
we'll fret and scold about it. But I do wish she
had come."

"So do I," said the old gentleman.

The servant appeared. "Miss Kate," she said,
"there's a small child down stairs, I don't know
whether it's a girl or a boy, wants to see you. I
told him again and again she couldn't, but he won't
go."

Away flew Kate, and there, sure enough, in the
lower hall, covered with snow, and trembling with
cold, stood little Sam.

"Couldn't come before. Mom Penants beat
sick; I had to take care of her. She must well now.
Here's his change; and here," taking a chicken
made of hot barley sugar from the bottom of the
ragged jacket, "is suitin' I brought for your
Christmas present."

"Mamma! Uncle John! Go, Lena, and bring
them, quick," cried impulsive Kate, the tears filling
her beautiful blue eyes, and taking Sam by the hand
she fairly dragged her into the dining-room.
Mamma and Uncle John came.

"See, Uncle," said Kate, triumphantly. "She
has come, through snow and storm, to bring your
money."

"Couldn't come to-day," said Sam.

"And O, mamma," Kate went on, "she brought
me this little candy chicken for a Christmas pre-
sent."

Uncle John was at this moment seized with such
a violent cough that, after it was over, he had to
take out his handkerchief and wipe his eyes.

"And I think," said Kate, speaking with great
earnestness, and looking very beautiful, "that Sam
is a Christmas present in herself—sent from God to
us. Mamma, don't you think so?"

Mamma's only reply was a kiss. Lena led the
Christmas present away, and Kate went back to her
guests, who she had well-nigh forgotten. An hour
afterwards Uncle John led into the parlor a certain
looking little girl, with nicely braided hair, dark,
brilliant eyes, and a sweet, shy smile. She was a
tiny thing, and in her red, woolen dress, and cunning
doll-like white apron, looked, so all the chil-
dren said, "as pretty as a picture." It was Ella.

"Sam" had disappeared forever. —The Young Folks' Circle.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

THE MYSTERY.

No. 230.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The answer, composed of 10 letters, we hope will
come to the INTELLIGENCER readers.

My 12, 4, 6, what all should do.

My 7, 1, 9, a kind of chariot.

My 11, 14, 2, a name of a game.

My 15, 10, 5, a title.

My 8, 3, 13, of a garment.

—Ed. Y. F. C.

No. 231.—ANAGRAM.

(FROM "AUTUMN LEAF," KINGS)

Dna mediatelity ch eivderish isht nigh and
offlowed him, lozefnygi ood: adn lad hie eopple,
hewn yeth was n, rage rapies tout oide.

No. 232.—BIBLE QUOTE.

(FROM "HELEN," WOODSTOCK)

What verse of the Bible contains the words
"wool" and "razor"?

No. 233.—BIBLICAL QUESTION.

(FROM "YAN," YORK)

Who was the founder of the second temple?

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

(No. 48)

No. 215—Justice (Eph. i. 7.)

No. 216—Redemption (Eph. i. 7.)

No. 217—A

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